

HAS CONKING'S OCCUPATION GONE?

A great deal of uneasiness is evidently felt in the Half Breed wing of the republican party, in New York, as to what will be the future course of Mr. Conkling in the politics of the state. Having the consciousness of his temporary dis-thronement they are by no means certain of his intentions and plans for the future. They are uneasy. They know the great danger he would be to their short tenure of power should he emerge from his forced retirement and fight his battle before the people. They detect the ominous ring of future trouble, contained in his dispatch to the Stalwart crowd who stood so faithfully by him in his recent struggle. The Sparta band, which has so long stood for principle and truth, has my deepest gratitude and admiration. The near future will vindicate their wisdom and crown them with approval. This telegram certainly indicates that he has plans mapped out for his course in the future, and that he will undertake to vindicate the acts of the Stalwarts and himself, in the near future. We have no sympathy with Conkling or any of his kind in any of their undertakings, and rejoice at his defeat by the legislature at Albany; yet, at the same time, we have no sympathy with the corrupt, unscrupulous crowd of Half Breeds who defeated him, and hope that he will ventilate them before the people in case he should again appeal to the ballot box.

He felt that he was entitled to the distribution of Federal patronage, and while we rejoice that his pride and arrogance have been so severely abased, still, no one can deny that he had a large claim on the republican party for services rendered in the campaign last fall. In the distribution of the spoils, he imagined he had been treated badly in not being given the lion's share, and considering the pious precedents which his corrupt party had established for many years, he certainly had a right to claim this. He was refused it, and petulantly resigned. He appealed to a republican legislature for redress, but his own party, his own legislature, in which the republicans had a majority of two to one, most of whom owed their election to his personal exertion, refused to vindicate him. They saw that he had antagonized the administration, and that they could not hope for office and government patronage through him; therefore, they deserted him. It was the spoils they wanted, let sink whom it may. We are glad of his overthrow. We are glad that he has been made to feel the insults of the ingrates whom he nursed into power; that he has been shown the corruption and greed of his own party. It is pleasant for us Democrats to know that he will see fit to expose those "forbidden and abhorrent forces and agencies" which elected Latham and Miller. The band of tried and true democrats in the legislature at Albany, who stood together and showed their party fealty so nobly, certainly have cause to rejoice at the disruption of the enemy, through whose separated and demoralized ranks they will march to victory in the next election. To Conkling and the Half Breeds, we say: "Lay on McDuff, and damned be he who first cries 'hold-enough!'"

COL. JOHN C. BURCH, whose death was announced last week, was secretary of the United States Senate. In that capacity he was known nationally, but it was in Tennessee where he had so long lived and filled so many important offices of public trust and confidence that his untimely death will be sincerely regretted. He was only fifty-four years of age, and had just begun to enjoy the full fruition of a life of active and hard work. A native Georgian, he settled at Chattanooga in 1852 and practiced law. In 1855 he was elected to the lower house of the state legislature, and in 1857 to a seat in the senate. He won high distinctions in the legislature and was elected speaker of the senate. In 1859 he became editor of the Union & American, a position which he filled with great ability. When the war came on he entered the Confederate service and served faithfully on the staff of General Pillow and Forrest. The war over, he settled at Nashville to practice law, but soon drifted into journalism again, purchasing a controlling interest in the Union and American. In 1873 he was appointed comptroller of the state, and filled the office with credit to himself and acceptability to the people. In March 1879, he was elected secretary of the United States senate, and discharged the duties of that difficult office so well as to win the esteem and confidence of all the senators without regard to party. In short Col. Burch had been before the people as a lawyer, politician and a journalist for over twenty-five years and was never found wanting in either character.

His remains were brought to Nashville, where his funeral was preached last Sunday afternoon. His remains were escorted to their last resting place at Mount Olivet Cemetery by the Porter Rifles and a large cortege of sorrowing and sympathetic friends and acquaintances.

THE Sun says the talk about making Roscoe Conkling a judge of the Supreme court is all nonsense. If he would not accept the position of chief justice, when it was offered him by his friend Grant, it is not probable he will accept that of an associate justice from his political enemy, Garfield.

THE report that Roscoe Conkling had purchased the Hawaiian Islands from King Kalakaua, is pronounced false by the latter gentleman.

LET THE CASE BE DECIDED.

Some of the papers throughout the state are writing of the advisability of calling an extra session of the Supreme court to decide the low-taxers "100-3 injunction bill" which was so rightfully and so summarily kicked out of the Chancery court by Chancellor Merritt, but which, for the purpose of delay—the only intention for which it was ever filed in the first place—has been appealed to the Supreme court. We think this a good suggestion, and if the case cannot, or will not be advanced on the docket at the next regular term in December, we think a special session ought by all means to be called. The interests of the people of the state demand it. The demagogues and repudiators show their hand and divulge the real purpose of the injunction when they oppose such a step. Did they appeal to the courts for the purpose of having an honest adjudication? If so, why do they oppose the measures by which a speedy decision may be arrived at? Does it make no difference to these devoted guardians of the "dear people's" interests that a large amount of taxes may be levied and collected only to lie idle in the treasury? They ask that the act settling the state debt be declared unconstitutional and void. If it is void, it is unnecessary and injurious to the people, to collect this large amount of taxes which will not be necessary for the maintenance of the state government. If it is to be sustained, it is right that the people should know it as soon as possible. The sovereign people want this vexatious question settled just as soon as it can be done by means fair, just and constitutional. Can it be denied that a special term of the court for this purpose, or by advancing the case upon the docket at the regular session is unwarranted and unconstitutional? We reflect the sentiment of the people, when we say, let it be quickly determined.

CONKING is laying low and saying nothing, but he has already been made to get Senator Edmunds appointed to the supreme bench, in the late case of Clifford's place. Edmunds is one of the bitterest partisans in the republican party, and as such, ought not to be placed on the supreme bench. Let the president select a more liberal man.

IT seems that the Woman's Suffrage Association, in their meeting last week, rejoiced over the downfall of Conkling. This must have been a more severe shock to him than the news from Albany, or the report of Sprague's gun. He will no longer be a masher.

LEO HARTMAN, the notorious Russian nihilist, who was connected with a plot to blow up the late Car, is now in New York. The promulgator of such an infamous doctrine as nihilism ought not to be permitted to land in America.

OUR esteemed neighbor, the Leaf, is the only paper in the United States or, we might say, in the world, that has heard of the death of Chief Justice Clifford. What has become of Judge Waite? We thought he was Chief Justice.

LAST week Josh Rice wanted some blasting done in the cave, and sent a gentleman of color, yelet Jim, to do the work. Jim is a good hand at the business, but his work, heretofore, has been on the earth and not in it. He was accompanied by a guide to the Egyptian Grotto, a mile and a half in the cave, shown what was wanted to be done, and left by himself to do the work. In due course of time everything was in readiness for the blast, which he set off, and retired behind a column to await the explosion, unthoughtfully leaving his blasting engine in the cave. The explosion put out the lights, and the thundering rolled through the immense cavern, echoing and re-echoing like the last knell of doom, poor Jim found himself in literal Egyptian darkness, a long way from daylight, utterly alone in the strange, weird, subterranean hall, with the impression that the cave had fallen in, and he was alone. He called, then, in such earnest and impassioned petitions for help as only a scared darkey can put up. One Uncle Peter, who was at work some half a mile off, hearing his cries for help, came rushing out for some one to go to his assistance, a party started immediately, and when near enough to distinguish what he was saying, the first thing they heard was: "Oh, good Lawd; never youse gwine to let a nigger now's de time ter do it; jes' lem'me git outen dis damn place once mo' an' I'll be a better nigger den I ever was before; help! help! help! right now; good Marster, let me see de blessed sunlight agin!"

When the party got to him they found him kneeling where he first stopped, afraid to move in any direction, and in answer to the question "What's de matter, he said: "No, boss, I ain't hurt in my body, but I tell you what, my mind is powerfully 'vatted up.' I thought dis whole cussed thing had fell in on me, and I was coteh in here, to see a eon in a log trap, and when I see you comin', thinks I to myself 'now I knows what de angel of deliverance means,' an' dis thing's been a better sermon to me den any preacher ever preach." After some persuasion, Jim was induced to go on with his work, but always with a guide and a good supply of lights and matches on hand.

THE genial F. H. Bristow has sold out the Elkton Ristow to Samuel B. Reese. We regret that he has seen fit to dissolve his connection with the press, and wish him no fortune and good luck in no matter what pursuit in life he may be engaged.

Death of Mrs. H. C. Merritt.

The saddest duty of a public journal is to record the death of an esteemed member of the community in which it is published. This simple tribute is rendered all the sadder when the subject of the notice is a lady, well known, beloved and esteemed by the entire community. Such a lady was Mrs. Henry C. Merritt, whose untimely death occurred at 2 o'clock a. m. on last Thursday. She had been sick for some weeks, but her friends and relatives thought that she was much better on Wednesday, and confidently looked forward to her speedy restoration to health. How poignant, then, must have been their grief when, Wednesday night, her illness took a more serious turn, and she passed into the mysterious shadow of death. We cannot better express our estimate of her life and character than what has already been said by one who knew her better: "That in all the relations of life she was kind, gentle, loving and true. In all these relations the graces of a christian woman shone above all other traits of character." To her bereaved husband and relatives, such a reflection cannot help but be a sweet solace in their deep affliction, and bitter tho' the thought be, that she is gone forever, there is, at least, a pleasing consolation that the remembrance and example of her life possesses an immortality of its own, which time cannot dim.

Her funeral was preached by Drs. A. D. Sears and J. W. Lupton, at the Baptist church, on last Friday morning, and her remains were accompanied to their last resting place at Greenwood cemetery, by a large concourse of friends.

Water, Water Everywhere!

Not long since, a couple of ladies being wearied out by the hot weather, concluded to avail themselves of the pleasure of a good shower bath at Wetstein's bath rooms. So their husbands were accordingly sent to the Duke Hotel, to the distinguished father of the two first named, to marry the widow of the late Hon. Augustus Anson. We are glad to hear of the success and happiness of our cousins. "There is hope in the sweet bye and bye" for us.

We are pleased to state to the tobacco board, and to all others whom it may interest, that a gentleman, prominently connected with the tobacco trade of New York city, has kindly consented to furnish us with a weekly report on the condition of the trade at that point. This report will always be found in our tobacco column. Our correspondent is connected with one of the best and most reliable houses in New York, and keeps himself thoroughly posted as to the state of the market.

THE Southwestern Benefit Guild, is the name of a new organization in Memphis, which "takes the cake." It is a matrimonial organization which has for its object the mutual aid of its members towards marriage. When a member of this order marries, if he or she has been a member for four years they get \$2,000. If only for one year \$1,000, and so on. This is a splendid institution and ought to be encouraged. We think they could easily start a branch office in this city.

IT may not be known to those who read of the horrid loathsome disease of leprosy, as described in the Bible that we have it in this country. In San Francisco there is a regular leper hospital, and lately the authorities there shipped forty-five lepers back again to China. There are also whites in a district of Louisiana and among the fishermen of the New Brunswick coast who have it. It is a most fearful disease and incurable.

THE drought still continues. No rain up to the hour of going to press. Northern and Southern Labor Contrasted. The New Orleans Picayune notices the fact that not long since large bodies of negroes from the South were taken to Pennsylvania and New York by contractors, worked there for months, and returned to their homes. At this moment seven hundred negroes from Virginia are working in a company's mine in Minnesota, and a Pennsylvania contractor expects to take two thousand negroes from the South to Colorado to work on a railway contract. The Picayune, however, is disposed to think there must be a limit to these Northern drafts on Southern labor. "The South," it says, "can safely count on a steady increase of her colored labor, notwithstanding manufacturing wars of an occasional kind, and the contractors of a few railroad expeditions. There is one element of danger in the labor of the North and West which has fortunately no need to fear. The negroes are tractable and peaceable. They do not strike at every opportunity, but substantially they are wages for the fancied gains of pressure. They do not indulge in the petty and senseless opposition to capital by a species of perpetual tumult. They are naturally the friends of an employer, knowing that his interest is their prosperity theirs."

THE Constellation is in August. Philadelphia Ledger. About the 1st of August, at 9 o'clock in the evening, the principal constellations will be arranged as follows: The great Dipper will be west of the zenith, the nearly parallel to the horizon. Directly opposite the Pole star and at about the same distance from it is Cassiopeia, known by its seven stars of medium brightness forming an irregular W. The bright star Vega in Lyra. East of this and lying in the milky way is the constellation Cygnus. It is a Roman cross, with the long arm in the milky way and a bright star at its head. Above the horizon, just below this, is the constellation Aquila. The bright star Altair in this constellation is easily known by its position between a two third star. Near by is the magnificent Job's Coffin. The star half-way from the meridian to the western horizon is Arcturus, and between it and the zenith is the semi-circle forming the Northern Crown. Lower down in the south-west is the bright Spica in Virgo. And near the south and close to the horizon is a conspicuous cluster of stars, the brightest of which is Antares.

LAST week a country darkey, with a basket of vegetables on his arm, walked up to a residence on Madison street with the purpose of selling some of his produce. There was a box of sulphur water jugs in front of the door, and the negro, never having seen or smelt that voracious beverage, thought it was some kind of wine that was in the tall little jugs. He instantly came to the conclusion that the inmates of the house didn't need any "waters" to-day, and proceeded to cabbage on the supposed wine jugs. Upon arriving at a safe distance, he uncorked one of the jugs to sample its contents, when he got a whiff of the sulphur water that made him stagger, and his eyes were as big as saucers as he remarked: "Whew, golly, somethin' must have crawled in dis yere jug an' died, or some villun has put some bad eggs in it; it's a good thing I borrowed dese jugs, case ef I'd let 'em at dat door dat family would have de yellor fever bef' to-morrow."

Court-House. The new court-house was not received by the commissioners last Tuesday, there being a few differences between them and the contractors. The matter has been left to arbitrators to settle. Judge Miliken represents the commissioners and Mr. Isaac Hodgson, an architect of Indianapolis, the contractors. We had not learned their decision at the hour of going to press.

CLARKSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL (for males), under the management of Prof. D. M. Quarles, will commence its annual session on Monday, September 5. This deservedly popular institution of learning is located in one of the most accessible and centrally located wards of the city—on Main street, at the residence of the principal, Prof. Duncan M. Quarles. Of Prof. Quarles' ability, as an instructor of young men it is not necessary to speak to the citizens of this city and surrounding country; but the writer of this is constrained to say here, what he sincerely feels, that the most pleasant and profitable period of a somewhat limited college career was passed under the instruction of Prof. Quarles. He will be aided by competent assistants, and we bespeak for him a liberal patronage.

How Did She Know?

The parlor was full of young ladies and gentlemen. The conversation was general. A young gentleman in the party was twirling a lock of hair in his hand. Playfully he reached over and brushed a young lady's cheek with it. "What does that feel like?" he asked. Promptly but unthoughtfully, the reply came. "Why, a young man's moultache." The party roared with laughter. The young lady blushed crimson. She saw the joke and attempted to explain. It made matters worse, of course, and those present laughed all the harder. She couldn't stand it any longer, and precipitately fled the parlor. It was a lapsus lingue, of course, but it sounded fearfully like a "dead give away."

"THE Campbells are coming!" on in the matrimonial market, it would seem. Sir John Douglass Campbell, the Marquis of Lorne, is the husband of the Princess Louise, a daughter of Queen Victoria. Only last week, Lord Colin Campbell, a brother to the Marquis, married Miss Blood, a titled Irish lady, and it is reported that the Duke of Argyll, the distinguished father of the two first named, is to marry the widow of the late Hon. Augustus Anson. We are glad to hear of the success and happiness of our cousins. "There is hope in the sweet bye and bye" for us.

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BENEFICENT.

"The Ancient Mariner"—not Coleridge's glorious creation, but "Squire Brush," of Nashville—still lives. Capt. J. S. Dashiell is a hale hearty and vigorous old man. He saw the steamer of Fitch sailing up the Delaware in 1790; was a special agent of Fulton on the Clermont in 1807, when she made her first trip up the Hudson. He was mate of the De Witt Clinton in 1825. Was in Boston when the Britannia the first Cunarder, was frozen in the harbor, and has made a trip on the Acadia, the last addition to the Cunard fleet. Under the name, Capt. Brush, is the hero of Ed Willard's novel, "Minotaur."

Lord Palmerston once said, in speaking of the Turks: "What energy may be expected of a people with no heels to their shoes?"

G. D. Williamson the well-known storeman at Cadiz, was captain of the Cadiz in 1848.

Capt. Moses Irwin, the New Albany and Portland ferryboatman, was mate of Capt. Joseph Miller's Secretary in 1846.

A. Hamilton, a steamboat agent, of Nashville, famous in ante bellum days, now a wealthy man, is living in Ireland.

Capt. Wm. Strong, the Caney Fork fiddler, is the oldest boatman now in commission on the Cumberland river. He began his nautical career in 1829, as second cook on A. L. Davis' Hurry county flatboat, Major Ray.

Ursula Franklin, widow of Milton Franklin, an old steward on Cincinnati boats, mysteriously disappeared from the house of her brother, Andy Tate, in Nashville, last January and has never since been heard from.

Capt. W. J. Harman—old Ben—was master of the Uncle Ben, in 1848.

"What kind of sausages is them?" asked an old lady, who had never heard of the Evansville banana-grabber, of the young man of literature and peanuts as he passed through the cars selling bananas.

Geo. A. Houghton, an old-time engineer and now inspector of boilers for the port of Louisville, was a member of the Kentucky legislature in 1890.

Cob Bailey, the famous Pee Line carpenter, was "Chips" on the Josiah Nichol in 1842.

Capt. Frank Hurry, of Louisville, was bar-keeper on the Pioneer in 1841.

O. M. Blackman was clerk of the Troquois in 1855.

F. P. Gracey—Dock—was clerk of the American in 1857.

Buy your boat stores where you please—if you can—

LINKS IN MEMORY'S CHAIN.

BY OLIVIA M. B. CUNNINGHAM. There is a link in the chain of memory, Which we call "The Link of Woe" And while retrospecting its dark stained pages,

Tears of repentance flow, For there, perchance by angers pen, We find an act recorded, Which solemn to some vain thoughtless deed,

Has made us broken hearted. Another link in memory's chain, That is named "The Link of Regret," Which ever brings the saddest pain

And words we cannot forget, And a wish to recall the days gone-by, And to tell this story we have a sigh, Alas! "What might have been!"

Next in the chain is a link called "Hope," Upon which life's anchor rests, When fortune frowns and our courage fails, Hope whispers, "I'll assist,"

And with what strength we cling to this friend, All tongues have failed to tell, But with hope there's no farewell,

And in this chain is a link of "Pride," A perfect cheat and show, But with woe and regret on either side Through the valley of reminiscences

And oh! the price of bitter tears, Paid for this slightly power, Which may, perhaps in later years, Bevel the darkest hour.

But in memory's chain is another link Which is christened simply "Pleasure," And the long past joys which it unfolds, Kind words and smiles which in other years The heart with joy has filled.

Though we look back through a mist of years, Give pleasant memories still, And these few links form a chain Of the present and long ago,

And all our sorrows are washed down As each link will plainly show, But blast is he who can truly say, I've pondered memory's lexicon over,

And I find more of woe than regret, Which pleasure does not leave.

A New Cumberland River Packet.

Nashville Banner. The Evansville Journal states that Capt. Geo. S. Throp has sold his half interest in the steamer Josh W. Throp to Capt. W. H. Carroll, and Capt. John H. Throp has sold one half of his half interest to Capt. John F. Wheeler. Capt. John H. Throp retains a one-fourth interest and will command the boat. The price paid has not been made public. It was a cash sale. The boat is intended to be run upon the opening of the season in the Upper Cumberland, for which is admirably adapted, being very light and substantially built, and a splendid carrier. She will be put in splendid repair at once, repainted and generally overhauled, ready for the low water campaign. In the meantime, Capt. Geo. S. Throp will contract at the place of the Josh W. Throp on the opening of navigation hence to Nashville. She will be about 170 feet long, 35 feet beam and five feet hold; will have two ample boilers with 15-inch cylinders and five feet stroke. She will have a full length hull, elegant cabin, and will be light and fast. The Throp Brothers have long been identified with the Cumberland river trade and are a very valuable company.

GOODLETT & LEECH,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Office—In Franklin Bank. aug29.

We Are Now Receiving

COAL

From the St. Bernard and Diamond Coal Companies of Kentucky. Parties ordering best winter supply, call on us.

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER

will receive the benefit of

LOWEST SUMMER PRICES!

aug29. F. P. GRACEY & BRO.

CHOICE NEW GOODS

Landreth's New Crop Turnip Seed.

Six or eight varieties. Always reliable.

Mackerel---Catch of this Summer.

In 1 lb. cans, 3 lb. cans, 5 lb. cans, Kits, Half Barrels and Barrels.

Oatmeal and Cracked Wheat.

in sealed Packages, fresh and of best quality, prepared for Summer trade.

Milwaukee Lager Beer.

In pint and quart bottles, at Brewers' prices.

Pure Grape Wine.

Sparkling and Still, from the best vineyard on the Pacific Coast.

Fine Whisky of every Variety.

Twelve Year Old Cognac Brandy.

Deviled and Potted Meats, Fish, Oysters, etc.

Choice Messina Lemons.

Fine New Teas, and the usual variety, complete in our stock.

J. J. CRUSMAN.

HECLA COAL!

We have reduced the price of the celebrated HECLA COAL to

14c. by 100 Bus. or Car Load Delivered—13c. on Side Track.

August and September Delivery.

Remember the difficulty of last winter, and lay in your supply while it is cheap.

KEESE & NORTINGTON.

CHEAP EXCURSION TO NIAGARA FALLS!

VIA THE LOUISVILLE SHORTLINE R.Y.

August 16, 1881.

Round Trip Rate from Clarksville, only

\$13.75!

For particulars in regard to Sleeping and Chair Cars see small bills.

KEESE & NORTINGTON

Have on hand a choice stock of Pure, Genuine and Undiluted

Old Robertson and Lincoln County WHISKIES!

Suitable for medicinal and family use. Also

Apple Brandy, Genuine Port, Sherry,

Catawba, Ginger and Lemon

Scuppernong Wines!

All goods warranted as represented. Prompt attention to orders.

PRICES LOW!

WANTED!

SHELLED OATS

IN ANY QUANTITY.

Sacks furnished and liberal price paid.

J. J. CRUSMAN.

FOR SALE.

Cheap for Cash.

The Old Catholic Church.

Apply to

REV. P. J. GLEESON.

CLARKSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL.

(FOR MALES.)

The next session of this school will open Monday, September 5, 1881.

LOCATION—On Main street, at residence of Principal, D. M. QUARLES.

IDAHO SPRINGS.

This favorite watering place is now open for the reception of visitors. The proprietor will rent furnished rooms to those desiring them, in addition to keeping hotel accommodations. A market wagon will run daily and supply visitors with market. Ample stable room on the place for parties wishing to remain in the city.

J. A. RATE, Proprietor.

A. F. RAWLS

MEAT STORE!

BILDER'S ROW,

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

I have opened my Meat Store at the same old stand, and keep constantly on hand a supply of Choice Fresh Meats, Beef, Mutton and Pork, which I will serve my customers at living prices. Spring Lamb and Hossing Pigs a specialty. Made delivered in any part of the city free of charge.

July 25-31.

ALL watches left for repairs before Jan. 1st, 1880, and not called for before Sept. 17th, 1881, will be sold at public auction by T. H. Egan. Sale to commence 10:30 A. M. C. L. COOKE.

July 30, 1881-2 m.